

## ROCK ISLAND ROUTE.

In effect on and after November 6, 1893.

Trains.	No.	Leave Topeka.	Arrive Topeka.	Leave Topeka.
Solid Vestibule Express.	1	11:15 am	1:40 pm	1:50 pm
Through Fast Express.	2	8:15 pm	10:25 pm	10:50 pm
Chicago, Texas & Pacific Express.	3	10:40 am	12:50 pm	1:10 pm
Southwestern Express.	4	8:50 am	12:30 pm	1:10 pm
Rock Island Night Express.	5	7:10 pm	10:25 pm	10:40 pm

## KANSAS CITY.

Trains.	No.	Arrive Topeka.	Leave Topeka.	Arrive Topeka.
Limited Express.	1	3:20 pm	5:30 pm	5:40 pm
North Limited Express.	2	4:20 pm	6:30 pm	6:40 pm
St. Joseph & Eastern Express.	3	3:20 pm	5:30 pm	5:40 pm
Express and Mail via St. Joseph.	4	4:45 am	5:00 pm	Ar St. J.
Express and Mail via Kansas City.	5	4:55 am	5:10 am	7:30 am

A—Daily. B—Daily, except Sunday. C—Daily, except Monday. D—Daily, except car berths and general information, call City Ticket Office, 601 Kansas Avenue, corner Sixth Street, telephone 330, at Passenger Station, corner First Street and Kansas Avenue, telephone 154; or at Postoffice, North Topeka, telephone 331.

## THE SANTA FE ROUTE.

THAT'S THE ROUTE.

In effect on and after December 31, 1893.

Trains.	No.	Leave Topeka.	Arrive Topeka.	Leave Topeka.
Wichita, Elkhart & Fort Worth.	1	8:15 am	10:45 am	10:40 am
Elkhart & Fort Worth.	2	8:15 am	10:45 am	10:40 am
Fort Worth & Elkhart.	3	8:15 am	10:45 am	10:40 am
Elkhart & Fort Worth.	4	8:15 am	10:45 am	10:40 am
Fort Worth & Elkhart.	5	8:15 am	10:45 am	10:40 am
Elkhart & Fort Worth.	6	8:15 am	10:45 am	10:40 am
Fort Worth & Elkhart.	7	8:15 am	10:45 am	10:40 am
Elkhart & Fort Worth.	8	8:15 am	10:45 am	10:40 am
Fort Worth & Elkhart.	9	8:15 am	10:45 am	10:40 am
Elkhart & Fort Worth.	10	8:15 am	10:45 am	10:40 am

Between Kansas City and Topeka only.

Trains.	No.	Arrive Topeka.	Leave Topeka.	Arrive Topeka.
St. Joseph & Eastern Express.	1	4:20 pm	5:30 pm	5:40 pm
Express and Mail via St. Joseph.	2	4:45 am	5:00 pm	Ar St. J.
Express and Mail via Kansas City.	3	4:55 am	5:10 am	7:30 am
Express and Mail via St. Joseph.	4	4:45 am	5:00 pm	Ar St. J.
Express and Mail via Kansas City.	5	4:55 am	5:10 am	7:30 am

Between Kansas City and Topeka only.

Trains.	No.	Leave Topeka.	Arrive Topeka.	Leave Topeka.
St. Joseph & Eastern Express.	1	4:20 pm	5:30 pm	5:40 pm
Express and Mail via St. Joseph.	2	4:45 am	5:00 pm	Ar St. J.
Express and Mail via Kansas City.	3	4:55 am	5:10 am	7:30 am
Express and Mail via St. Joseph.	4	4:45 am	5:00 pm	Ar St. J.
Express and Mail via Kansas City.	5	4:55 am	5:10 am	7:30 am

Between Kansas City and Topeka only.

Trains.	No.	Leave Topeka.	Arrive Topeka.	Leave Topeka.
St. Joseph & Eastern Express.	1	4:20 pm	5:30 pm	5:40 pm
Express and Mail via St. Joseph.	2	4:45 am	5:00 pm	Ar St. J.
Express and Mail via Kansas City.	3	4:55 am	5:10 am	7:30 am
Express and Mail via St. Joseph.	4	4:45 am	5:00 pm	Ar St. J.
Express and Mail via Kansas City.	5	4:55 am	5:10 am	7:30 am

Between Kansas City and Topeka only.

For information about train service and tickets call City Ticket Office, 601 Kansas Avenue, corner Sixth Street, telephone 330, at Passenger Station, corner First Street and Kansas Avenue, telephone 154; or at Postoffice, North Topeka, telephone 331.

Agents Santa Fe route, southeast corner Sixth and Kansas Avenue, Topeka.

Or W. C. HARRIS, Agent at Depot, at Kansas City, Mo.

Agents, North Topeka.

Agents, North Topeka.

Agents, North Topeka.

Agents, North Topeka.

Agents, North Topeka.

Agents, North Topeka.

Agents, North Topeka.

Agents, North Topeka.

Agents, North Topeka.

Agents, North Topeka.

Agents, North Topeka.

Agents, North Topeka.

Agents, North Topeka.

Agents, North Topeka.

Agents, North Topeka.

Agents, North Topeka.

Agents, North Topeka.

Agents, North Topeka.

Agents, North Topeka.

Agents, North Topeka.

Agents, North Topeka.

Agents, North Topeka.

Agents, North Topeka.

Agents, North Topeka.

Agents, North Topeka.

Agents, North Topeka.

Agents, North Topeka.

Agents, North Topeka.

Agents, North Topeka.

Agents, North Topeka.

Agents, North Topeka.

Agents, North Topeka.

Agents, North Topeka.

Agents, North Topeka.

Agents, North Topeka.

Agents, North Topeka.

Agents, North Topeka.

Agents, North Topeka.

## A REJECTED PROPOSAL.



LONG succession of hot, blue, cloudless days, had been followed at last by a gale from the east, that filled the sky with storm signals and drove the waves in eight feet high, tumbling them, bulges and foam, on to a shifting beach rapidly condemned by the bathing-master. To Mrs. Chandos the change was a relief. It scattered the swarms of pretty women in airy toilets, who were wont to discourse platitudes over interminable fancy work on the piazza below her windows, and made it possible to think, to rest.

And Mrs. Chandos felt that she needed rest. It had required no little diplomacy, even on the part of her clever strategist as herself, to bring Nathalie to the point of even considering this new young man as a possible prospective suitor. Girls were so impractical! Heavens and sensible married women knew how little it mattered, six after six months, whether a man's hands and feet were small or large, or whether he wore his clothes with Chesterfieldian grace or no grace at all. The important thing was that he should have grace about the wife's clothes and the bills they occasioned.

Meantime those two figures had been watching from the window, as they walked away in the direction of the sands, had passed out of sight. The salt spray dashed against Nathalie's face and the wind drove little loosened tendrils of curly hair across her cheek. She walked in silence, with averted eyes, but at every moment the consciousness of that imploring, insistent glance fixed upon her grew more irksome. This pretty girl would have told her herself that she was not a heroine. Silk stockings, lace-trimmed skirts and other luxuries appealed to her imagination. She had never had as many of them as she wished, and she had repeatedly announced that to many a poor man would be an impossibility to her. And yet—oh, who was fate always so perverse?—here was a man absolutely rolling in riches who adored her, and his very presence beside her filled her with vague repulsion and dismay.

Poor Peter! Of what was passing under that charming, curly pate he knew nothing. He could listen to naughty save the unruly hammering of his own heart and the inner voice that clamored: "Now, now! Do it, do it!"

Along the beach the hull of a fishing smack had been washed ashore at some past period in the history of this seaside resort. It was a favorite spot on moonlight nights, when the tide was low. On this gray afternoon it was deserted. As the two reached it now they were about to pass on, Peter extending his hand to help his companion over the debris of rotting timbers. But that soft, evasive touch of her cold little fingers broke the thin thread which alone had kept his

hot speech in check. There in the wind-trampling spray he began to pour out his confession, his entreaties, his hopes, his fears, and in a moment more it was all over and the great, strong fellow stood white-lipped and quivering, conscious that he had chanced his whole life on the cast of a die.

Nathalie had not raised her eyes. The vision of silk stockings and lace-trimmed skirts was in her mad little brain again. Who may know what the result might have been? But at that instant the young man put out a blind, tender, passionate hand to draw her to him and the spell snapped asunder.

What mattered silk stockings and the like now? Nathalie looked up and started back as though she had been struck. Never had she seen this man Peters, Mill Peters, forsooth! seemed so ungainly, so unsmooth as then! Never had she seen so repellantly aware of his gaunt frame, of his carelessly worn clothes, of his pallid visage and large hands.

"Don't touch me," she panted out. "Don't dare to touch me! I don't care for you and I couldn't care if we lived 100 years. I knew you were rich and that you could give me everything. I thought I could marry you on the strength of that! But I can't! I never shall."

As the last word dropped from her lip she had a peculiar sensation. She had not meant to say so much—to make that confession. She was now seized with a curious sense of having been violently arrested.

Will Peters had not moved a muscle. But somehow, the girl could not take her eyes in the pause that followed, from his face. The silence seemed to her to last an eternity. Then Peters turned.

"Shall we go back?" he asked, with his quiet, unflinching courtesy. "The tide is coming in."

"Oh yes, these large resorts are all common—do you know?" Mrs. Chandos would say, in her dainty, touch-me-not fashion, every now and then. "I shall take my young sister to some quite different place next season. But the dear child is amusing herself in her girlish way now, and so, for the moment, I stay on. I let matters drift."

Nathalie, availing herself of the pretty women in airy toilets laughed as soon as Mrs. Chandos' well-shaped back was turned, and Mrs. Chandos knew that did. Some very young

## girls and very young men there might be who amused themselves in the big, garish, ballroom, where the band played with a hollow, mechanical hilarity, on the hot, glaring piazza and the great public expanse of beach, but Nathalie was not of the number—and why not? When they were alone in their own apartments Mrs. Chandos would ask the question, vindictively, sarcastically. What did she expect? Had she not had, in two months, more good luck than often befell a girl with no fortune but her face in a lifetime? Fate had given her what she assuredly never deserved when it thrust the handsome son of a millionaire, this young Acton Radsky, in her way, immediately upon her dismissal of William Peters. She had objected to the latter because of his name, because of his ill-fitting coat, because of his plainness and what she called his Western wildness. Could any of these charges be brought against Radsky? He had everything that women worshipped—wealth, good looks, the prestige of a slayer of hearts—and he had put everything at her feet, and she, moping about with a face long as her arm, had an air of disdaining it all! Mrs. Chandos repeated, exasperated: What did she expect?

Mrs. Chandos' nervous tension grew, at last unbearable. The summer was at an end; people were scattering. Radsky had not declared himself—appeared to be growing discouraged, and Nathalie would not, could not, be accused to a sense of her responsibility. Something brusque, decisive, must be done. But what? Mrs. Chandos took desperate advantage of the first opening that offered to bring the young man to a full confession of his sentiments, and repaid the confidence by a bland assurance that those sentiments were reciprocated, as he would find if he openly declared himself. Then she ascended to Nathalie's room, pale with determination, resolved to frighten the girl into submission by threatening to throw her off if nothing else would accomplish her purpose. She found the room empty.

Looking about her in some surprise she noticed signs of disorder all about such as are left by a person in great haste. On the cushion was a letter, which Mrs. Chandos seized. It was addressed to her and contained, briefly, the information that Nathalie had gone up to town to spend the night with a girl friend and would not be back until the next day.

Mrs. Chandos stood angry and dismayed. Never had Nathalie so completely deceived herself from authority before. As the elder sister continued to stare in front of her, her eye fell on a crumpled newspaper lying on the floor. She mechanically took it up. The first she saw was the name of William Peters' name. The article, which was a lengthy one, gave an account of a gigantic failure in the young Western capitalist's fortune had been almost entirely engulfed. There followed a supposed interview with him at his hotel, in which it transpired that he was to leave for the West on the following day.

As the paper sank from Mrs. Chandos' hand a thought cut through her like a knife thrust. "Impossible!" she uttered. "Impossible!"

"Gone?" repeated the young lady in the cab, with white lips. "Gone?" The hotel clerk who had been called out, thought that she was about to faint. He had an eye for beauty and a fine sense for a romance. He divined one here. "Who could have thought it?" he said to himself. "That ugly fellow Peters! And now that his money is all gone, too!"

But aloud: "The Western United express does not leave for three-quarters of an hour. Mr. Peters might just be met at the station."

The station was not far distant. She sprang out and was caught in the stream of people pushing in. She did not know where to turn, where to look. Then, suddenly, her heart stood still—she saw him. He was hurrying towards just opened door, in the direction of which a crowd of men and women were eagerly following.

"Mr. Peters!" she cried. "Mr. Peters!" He had never thought of—that he might look at her in cold amazement. He had retreated out of the line of people pressing through the door, and they now stood a little apart. From the moment in which she had thrown down that newspaper her one thought had been to get to him, to speak to him before he left, to offer him now, in his adversity, this new-born love she would have been compelled forever to conceal, had he remained prosperous. And now it flashed upon her that her gift might no longer be desired. A man might cease to care in two months, especially if he had learned to despise a girl as this man had despised her that day on the beach.

Will continued to look at her dumbly. "T—T—T," she stammered, and miserably broke down. There is a communication by brain waves far more subtle and perfect than any by words. Nathalie suddenly felt her arm drawn through his. "Don't cheat me again," he whispered, voice. "Don't lead me to believe what may not be true."

"Oh, it is! It is!" came the incoherently vehement assurance. "Since when?" he asked further, in this lover's telegraphy. "Since that day on the beach—that very day—when you looked at me so, as though you despised me for my mercenary lightness, and something in your eyes and your quiet dignity made me feel for the first time, that a good man's love might be. I did not quite understand then—you left the next day—you did not give me time. But I did afterward—oh, I did afterward!"

Two minutes later she said: "Oh! Where is your money—your troubles? I read all about that—that's why I came."

He passed his hand over his eyes. "And I had forgotten all about them!"

When Mrs. Chandos' worst fears were confirmed to her she remarked, after a pause: "And have Mr. Peters' hands grown smaller in these last two months? Has the loss of his money improved the fit of his coat or the beauty of his countenance?"

And Nathalie broke into a blithe laugh. "Oh! don't remind me of the nonsense I used to talk. To me he is altogether beautiful now, for he is the noblest of God's creatures—my king among men!"



GETTING HIS WINTER "SOOT."

Depression. The day was dying—that is, the chronological day, extending from midnight to midnight. In other words, it was after 11 p. m. They had spoken of many things. "After all—"

"It might be well to explain at this juncture that the speaker was a young man with a ruddy complexion, denoting a keen knowledge of the world, and patent leather shoes."

"Not being engaged, he smiled engagingly at this point."

It was her turn to make a talk now. "That is unjust at such a time as this, when—"

By the way, she was a tall being, with a low brow and a face that would be difficult to read.

"All values show a shrinkage." The big clock on the mantel yelled "Cuckoo!" She very kindly gave him back his umbrella and after a few hasty words he departed. —Detroit News-Tribune.

A Modern Poor Richard. Father—This is a fine house you've bought. I don't see how you raised the money.

Son—I am buying it on the installment plan.

Oh! But where did you get all this handsome furniture?

Buying that on the installment plan, too.

Humph! Must cost something. I don't see how you can spare so much for clothes. Your wife dresses like a princess.

Yes, get our clothes on the installment plan.

Won't do, won't do at all. Suppose you should die?

I can be buried on the installment plan easily enough.

But your wife won't have any money to pay the installments.

Yes, she'll have plenty. I'm insured on the installment plan—pay every week. —New York Weekly.

Effective. A Maine farmer, who recently visited Boston, tells how he got the better of the deadly trolley car.

"I stood," he says, "right on the track when one of them dummed skypole cars came a-buzzing along, and I thought I'd just see if they'd run over me. They hollered and yelled for me to get off the track, but I didn't budge an inch, for I had as much right there as they had, and they just hauled the thing up stock still afore they got ter me. All a man's got ter do is to stand up for his rights, and them Boston fellers doesn't run over him." —New York Tribune.

An Honest Boy. The office boy wanted a job in an office, and he was bound to be well recommended.

"Well," asked his prospective employer, after asking a number of questions as to his qualifications, "are you honest?"

"You bet I am."

"You won't lie?"

"No, sir."

"Nor take anything?"

"No, sir. Why, at the last place I was I didn't even take a vacation." —Detroit Free Press.

Not in the Message. Office Boy—Mr. Gayman sent me to tell you not to keep dinner waitin' for this evening. He's got to go to the lodge on important business.

Mrs. Gayman—To the lodge? Oh, yes, he is going to "ride the goat," I suppose.

Office Boy—No. I don't think it's a goat. I heard him tellin' Mr. Quickstep he was going out on a little lark. —Chicago Tribune.

Couldn't Fool Her. "Bessie, how many sisters has your new playmate?"

"He has one, mamma. He tried to fool me by saying that he had two half sisters, but I guess he didn't know that I studied fractions." —New York Sun.

Meeting an Objection. House Hunter—The great disadvantage is that the house is so damp.

Agent—Disadvantage, sir? Advantage I call it. In case of fire it would not be so likely to burn. —Brooklyn Life.

The Hints in Your White. Sewed up Free at the Topeka Steam Laundry.

Not So Much of a Dancer. Many and varied are the answers given to the government examiners. The following original answer about takes the proverbial biscuit.

After the class had read that popular schoolboy's recitation commencing with the line, "The boy stood on the burning deck," the examiner, merely to test their intelligence, asked the question: "Why did the boy stand on the burning deck?"

This was a poser, but the dnnce at the foot was equal to the occasion, for he immediately shouted:

"Because it were too hot for him to sit down on." —Spare Moments.

Easily Remedied.



"I'm afraid you will have to look for a new place before the 1st of the month, Bridget."

"What fur, ma'am?"

"Mr. Smith objects to so much waste in the kitchen."

"Lor, ma'am, if that's all, I'll lace meself within an inch of me loife." —Brooklyn Life.

It Was Too Much.

The clergyman at our church last Sunday, while indulging in some figurative expressions in his sermon, used the phrase, "Like the roe which leaps upon the mountain," referring of course to the Scriptural animal of that name. As I was coming out of church a horny handed and sunburned fellow pilgrim stepped up to me and said:

"See yer, stranger, what d'you think of that feller in the pulpit?"

"I think he is a pretty fair sort of a man; near sighted, maybe, and poor, but taking him altogether, good."

"Well, see yer, stranger! Did you 'beerve what he said about the roe jumpin' on a mountain? D'd you hear him say that?"

"Yes. What about it?"

"Well, look a yer, Cap, of course he was a-jokin, want he?"

"Certainly he was not."

"See yer, now, you don't mean to say he was a-jokin to gar that down as a fact? He don't reely believe that no roe ever jumped on a mountain, now, does he?"

"He does of course, and so do I. I know it."

"Well, look-a-yer, mister; I'm a mere child 'bout most things. I can swallow a'most any ordinary lie. You kin stuff me full of owdacious falsehoods when I'm sufferin from ignorance. But you must excuse me on this. Yes, sir, I sour on you when you ask me to gorge myself with that kinder lie. I've bin a-hetchin shad an herrin 'most all my life, and gettin the roes out ov 'em, but I never seen no roe that could git up an git when you on't laid it down. I waster he religious? I waster do right and bleeve in preachers, but when you ask me to bleeve that any shad roe ever bounced up a hill and frolicked around over the grass my stomachick goes agin it. It's too much, stranger; much too much."

Then I unfolded the matter to him, and he went away comforted. —Boston Courier.

A Modern Financier.

Business Man—See here, girl. You gave me a check on the Rigby bank, and I find that there is no such institution.

Financier (who has been playing in hard luck)—Hold on to the check, my dear sir. It will be all right. The bank isn't in operation yet.

"Sir?"

"Oh, it's all right. After I get a few thousand of those checks out the holders will find it to their interest to club together and help me start the bank." —New York Weekly.

Overgutters and Leggings at Furman's.

For Colds, Coughs, Croup, Influenza, and Bronchitis, use